

Cupid as Jockey

By Anna McClure Sholl

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Rich and recent Mr. Sears had always delighted in setting the little town of Upwater by the ears, but no one dreamed of a post mortem chuckle from the old gentleman. It came in the form of a bequest in his will—\$1,000 to the prettiest woman in the place, the judges to be chosen from the strictly married men of the community.

The bequest was instantaneous, and at a nature to warm the heart of a cynic. Mothers spoke positively of the charms of their daughters. The ministers delivered sermons against the sin of vanity. How flagrantly encouraged by the late Mr. Sears. The best people, signified their intention of standing aloof from the contest. But at last a decision set in, started by a woman's saving sense of humor, and it was almost unanimously decided that the terms of the will must be complied with. An appointed committee fixed upon a day in June for the assembling of the contestants. They were to come in their best apparel, and to abide by the vote of the judges without murmurings or disputings. The contest was to be held out of doors, in the sunny garden of one of the grandest of the town, that the ascending light of day might add to the impartiality of the decision. The affair was thus fixed into a lawn party, and the first families agreeing to be present, the rest of the town followed suit.

A week before the day appointed, Richard Gordon, a young lawyer, went to call upon Mary Bennett, whose father before his invalidism had been a professor in the college town from which Gordon's family also came. Richard, waiting for Mary in the dim parlor with its deep engravings of famous pictures, felt that the girl's life was somehow like them—beautiful to the eye and form, but lacking the color that selfishness, rather than self-denial, seems to impart to human existence. She had always sacrificed herself to the demands and needs of others, until she was like a white flower brought out of the sunshine to cheer a sick room.

He was absorbed in his thoughts of her when she entered, a welcome glowing in her eyes. Though she was tall and straight and wholesome to look upon, no one had ever called her pretty. Her chief asset was her abundant dark hair. Richard had never thought of her being in the contest, so he did not even apologize when, after a few moments' conversation, he showed her a list he had made of the women who, in his opinion, had the best chance of winning a list from which her name was omitted.

"I see that you have headed it with Bertha Klendinning. That is easy to understand."

"But my grounds are different from most people's," he said, with the earnestness that he always brought to any subject which interested him. "Her blue eyes and yellow hair and storybook complexion count very little. It's her lovely figure and her charm of manner—her more subtle advantages, so to speak—that make her what she is, graceful and womanly."

"I quite agree with you. Who is next on the list?"

"Katherine More—It's the curve of her upper lip," he added confidently.

"And next?"

"Dora."

"Because?"

He laughed.

"It has something to do with the tip of her nose."

"I quite understand. Dora's nose will keep her young when she's 50."

"And then come the ladies who have only to put on a pink ribbon to be called pretty. You see my scorn of them places them last."

"Poor things! Well, I think it will be Bertha. You must tell me all about it afterwards."

"But, my dear, you're surely going!" he said, earnestly, knitting his boyish brows.

"I can't unless father is better."

"Oh, you must—it will amuse you so. I'll call for you to make sure!"

"Well, I don't forbid your calling!" she answered, with a smile.

She spent a troubled week, trying to come to terms with herself. In her dark moments she had perversely wished to make herself look as plain as possible, taking a kind of pride in being utterly out of the running, but with the first dawn of gentler feeling came the desire to look her best, and so enter into the spirit of the occasion. So when the time came she curled her hair and arranged it with all the art that she could command. She put on a soft, white summer gown and a picture hat with roses. She was

drawing on her long gloves when Richard arrived. He seemed in the highest spirits.

"I was prepared to use force, if I found you backing out. I have some news to tell you about myself—something that's made me very glad, and I want you to be glad with me."

Her heart sank. Was he going to tell her of his engagement to Bertha? She turned a pale face to him.

"Can't you guess, Mary?"

But she was dumb. He leaned towards her and took both her hands in his.

"I've got the position I wanted in the office with Jenkins & Bart—and it's a kind of partnership. Mary, it's easily worth five thousand a year!"

She drew a long breath of relief and looked at him with shining eyes.

"I'm so glad—so glad!"

"You can't be so glad as I, because, my dear," he hesitated. Her sudden little flame of joy again sank.

"You see, I didn't want to speak until I was sure."

Even then she would not believe. She had turned her head away. Was it Bertha—oh, was it Bertha?

"You see I've loved you always—why Mary—"

Then she turned a rapturous face toward him.

How they reached the appointed place she never knew. She walked on air, surrounded by a ring of gold that enclosed one other person. Her eyes



"I Was Prepared to Use Force, if I Found You Backing Out."

shone. A bright color came to her cheeks. Richard, excited and triumphant, looked at her adoringly, seeing in her at once the woman of his future and the playmate of his childhood. They would show themselves at the contest for a minute, just to be public-spirited. Then they would go for a heavenly ramble in the woods.

The judges had decided to make the award after mingling informally with their townspeople, so there was no set ceremony, no drawing up of the contestants. People strolled about or talked together in groups, as at a garden party. Here and there a girl was seen whose heightened color betrayed her consciousness of being under scrutiny, for it was generally known that the courteous judges, chatting casually with their friends and acquaintances, were all the while gleaming impressions which would be of service in making the decision. The occasion, on the whole, did not seem favorable to the setting forth of feminine charm. Even Bertha, by becoming self-conscious, had lost something of her usual grace. Katherine's pretty bow of a mouth showed a disposition to straighten, and Dora's infantile nose failed to save the day for her. As for the young women whose charm depended on pink ribbons, they had all apparently chosen the wrong colors.

IMMENSE LUMBER FIELD.

Records for the amount of lumber sawed from one tree, from one acre, and from ten acres have been shattered by the cut made from a ten-acre tract of land on the north shore of Puget sound. The log scale shows that 5,190,766 feet were obtained from 561 trees in a ten-acre tract, or an average of 510,976 feet to the acre, according to the Seattle Post-Intelligencer. The record acre of the ten yielded just 585,948 feet, as compared with a

normal average of 25,000 feet to the acre. On the particular acre a single fir tree scaled 22,145 feet, or less than 3,000 feet under the average yield of an entire acre of ground.

It was expected that the judges would not remain out long, but a half hour went by, and they were still debating in the little summer house to which they had withdrawn. A feeling of uneasiness began to make itself apparent. Bets were canceled, and rearranged again. No one seemed as confident as at the opening of the contest. At last the judges were seen to rise, and then, two by two, they came across the lawn, and took their places on a flower-decked platform. A sudden hush fell over the assembly. The chairman waited until everyone had come within hearing distance of the stand before making his announcement, then, after reading the clause in the will, he said:

"The difficulties in the way of a fair decision can hardly be appreciated by those not members of the committee. In the making of it, in the judging and weighing, we crave your clemency. Having made it we are sure of your enthusiastic support. The prize has been awarded to Miss Mary Bennett."

There was a confused murmur. Richard, more surprised than anyone, turned to look at Mary. It was true! It might be gone to-morrow, but to-day her radiant joy made her the most beautiful woman there. She seemed all light and color and happiness, and they had felt it and recorded it.

She would not believe it at first, and wanted to hurry away, but they detained her and showered congratulations on her until she was glowing like a rose. Each moment enriched her, adding weight to the decision.

"You were a dark horse," said a friend, at once puzzled and convinced. "Cupid was jockey," said Richard.

Imagination.

"Just slap down a sketch of a drunken husband sitting in a wretched hovel of a home," requested the newspaper editor, hurrying into the apartment of the lazy cartoonist.

The artist carelessly complied and sprawled back in his chair.

"Don't you think it would fill out better if you were to sketch in a table and an empty whisky bottle?" inquired the editor, gazing intently at the bare figure.

"Oh, the readers'll imagine the booze part of it all right."

"Well, how about adding a broken-hearted wife and a couple of ragged children?"

"Unnecessary. The readers will readily imagine all that as part and parcel of such a scene."

"Then," ejaculated the editor, tearing the sketch to bits, "then the readers can imagine the drunken man."

Twenty Letters in His Name.

Savapnagiotopuvols—the name of a Chicago business man—was enrolled on the city comptroller's records recently. The owner of the surname with 20 letters has a billiard room, and the name was disclosed when he called to pay \$3.75 for inspecting the electric light wires in his place.

No given name was asked for, Savapnagiotopuvols was considered sufficient to distinguish him from any of the other 2,000,000 citizens of Chicago. It took nearly the width of an entire page in the ledger when written in an accountant's flowing hand.

"The cost of collecting the city's licenses would be considerably increased if there were many names like that," declared an official.

Costume of the Orient.

The sheath skirt is not new in Burma, where the women wear a garment split to the waist, "now concealing, now revealing." The men wear the same sarong, unsplit. In Cochín and Travancore, India, the reputable native women wear nothing above the waist except nose-rings and earrings; the Syrian Christians wear a jacket and a conical little "Cochín tail," something like the obi of Nippon, on their skirts.—N. Y. Press.

Pear-Shaped Balloon.

Pear shaped balloons are the fashion in Belgium. The point is upward, the base of the balloon is spherical. It is claimed that balloons of this shape pierce the air vertically with far greater speed than the ordinary spherical balloon. Consequently they are steadier. Also the upper pointed end prevents the accumulation of moisture or snow on the surface, which frequently weighs a balloon down and destroys its power to rise.

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Same Old Story.

Mrs. Howells—How much does your husband earn a week?

Mrs. Howells—Oh, anywhere from \$15 to \$25 more than he gets.—Chicago Daily News.

JUMBO VS. BISON; NOT NATURE FAKE

ANGRY ELEPHANT ADMINISTERS WHIPPING TO A BUFFALO IN NEW YORK.

UNIQUE DUEL FOUGHT IN ZOO

Wire Fence All That Prevented Fatal Termination of Bout After Hay Is Stolen from "Sitting Bull."

New York.—A strange duel between an elephant and a buffalo took place in the Bronx park zoo, but both combatants escaped without injury.

Sitting Bull, the dean of the buffalo herd, was munching hay which the keepers had just thrown near the edge of the corral bordering on the main walk, and he and his subjects were paying attention to nothing but their breakfast after the night's fast. It was not yet breakfast time in the elephant enclosure, however, and Gunda, the small elephant who sometimes carries children on her back and also rings up contributions of money on a little cash register, had wandered from the elephant house and was nibbling at bits of grass along the walks.

Gunda, who is such a harmless beast that the keepers allow her more liberty than they do any of the other animals in the park, had wandered on her foraging expeditions close to the buffalo corral.

The wise beast had seen the keepers throwing hay to the buffalo, and after the keepers had passed on to the deer corral Gunda quickened her steps until she arrived at a point opposite where the buffaloes were feeding. The fence around the corral is of wire, the strands being about six inches apart, quite large enough to allow the elephant to insert her trunk through the meshes. This Gunda did and began to gather large bunks of hay and convey them to her mouth.

For awhile the buffalo fed on without noticing the poaching, but suddenly Sitting Bull saw the long trunk digging around in the hay, and all at once the keepers, up by the deer corral, heard a bellow of rage from the buffalo. The other buffaloes, with



The Enraged Elephant Brought His Trunk Down on the Bison's Head.

heads held high, charged across the corral at the first sound of anger from their leader, who, as soon as he had given vent to his wrath, charged full tilt at Gunda.

The elephant withdrew her trunk hurriedly and dropped back a few steps. Sitting Bull charged full into the wire fence. The other buffalo halted. He ran back a few feet and plunged again at Gunda, but was thrown back again by the wire. Then Gunda gave a snort of rage and the keepers at the deer corral saw her trunk go high into the air and descend upon the head of the buffalo just as he dashed into the wire for the third time. The blow seemed to stagger Sitting Bull and he backed off with his head low, glaring at the elephant.

Gunda was now thoroughly enraged. She made a dash at the fence, and, leaning as far over as she could, swung with her trunk again at the bull buffalo. Her trunk again landed upon his head, and the keepers could see the beast fall to his knees.

The keepers were now running as fast as they could to the scene of the duel. Gunda's keeper, Thurmman, had his iron hook. He yelled at Gunda to keep away, but the elephant, usually so obedient, paid no attention. Thurmman and several of the other keepers grabbed the elephant by her ears, and pulled with all their might. Then Thurmman got his hook in a soft part of the elephant's head, and the fight was over. She submitted and was hustled away to the elephant house.

TURTLE SEIZES GIRL'S TOE; DRAGS HER UNDER

PULLS HER ALONG BOTTOM OF WHITE RIVER IN INDIANA— IS RESCUED.

Elwood, Ind.—Gwendolyn Washburn, a pretty 18-year-old girl, had a narrow escape from drowning in White river, south of Omega. The girl, with a party of campers, was endeavoring to escape the intense heat by spending the afternoon in the water. In trying to emulate Mahar and Dollibar, who took several hundred pounds of carp from the river by feeling around logs with their feet, the girl was working about the sunken stump, in water that reached almost to her shoulder.

Suddenly one of Miss Washburn's companions noticed that the large sun



The Turtle Seized Her Toes.

bat which she had been wearing was floating on the water and the girl was nowhere to be seen. Hubbles marked the spot where she went down. A young man at once dived into the water and found the girl being dragged along the bottom of the river by an unseen force. Rising to the surface and holding to the girl's hand he called for help, and the half-drowned girl was assisted to shore, where it was found an immense turtle had resented the girl's interference with his midday sleep and had seized her by the toe.

Before she could scream for help it had dragged her under the water and it was by the sheerest good luck that her absence was noted in time to save her from drowning. As it was, she was rolled on a log and worked with for 17 minutes before she was able to sit up and talk. Miss Washburn was plucky and insisted on bringing the turtle home with her, which was the foundation for a turtle stew for their friends.

Speaking of her experience, Miss Washburn said that when she first felt the turtle with her foot she thought it was a big carp and had reached down to seize it with her hand, when it grabbed her foot, and before she could rise up and cry for help she felt herself drawn rapidly through the water. Then she became unconscious and knew nothing until she revived on the shore and found her friends bending over her.

She was the jolliest of the party at the impromptu turtle feast, but she advises girls who go bathing in White river hereafter to let the Mahar-Dollibar method of fishing be practiced by the men. She says it's too strenuous for girls.

Woman Wild for Ten Years.

Galveston, Tex.—The capture of a wild woman in Gregg county, northern Texas, by a posse of citizens, clears a mystery of ten years' standing, for the woman has been identified as the wife of a prominent farmer who disappeared from her home in Sabine county ten years ago. Her name is Mrs. Martha Wilkes. She was 25 years of age when she left her husband's farm, suffering from religious mania, and was supposed to have met her death in the Sabine river.

Hen Battles with Snake.

Figear, France.—A brave little hen fought and routed a rattlesnake ten feet long at this place, after the reptile had made an attack upon her chickens. The mother, seeing the rattler in the act of striking at one of her little ones, flew at it desperately and nearly pecked off its head.

Why He Was Eligible.

Superintendent—Well, sir, what have you to recommend you to the place?

Mike—He gorra! Oi owe ivory man in town tho't'll thrust me, an' divil a bit more reason has anny wan fer th' job.—Judge.

Church Built from Single Tree.

A large Baptist church at Santa Rosa, Cal., was built from the wood of a single California redwood tree.